A MARINE BURGLAR

PEOPLE said I was very foolish when I bought a ten acre island three miles from the shore and built my summer house on it, but I laughed and said quiet was what I sought, and there I would have it, far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife. Being a bachelor, with few wants, I took with me only my man Henry, who was an excellent housekeeper and cook.

I don't think I ever enjoyed myself more than the first four weeks I spent on the island. In the morning I took to the water, or took a walk for an hour or so; then I wrote for three hours, and the afternoons I read and loafed, and at night I slept. Some days I would row over to the mainland, and every day Henry went over after the mail, unless it was stormy. Sometimes I had a friend or two to drive with me, but no woman was allowed to come ashore there.

I was rigid in my determination on this point, for had not one Isabella Ventnor told me two weeks before I bought the island that she did not think I was the kind of a man any woman ought to marry?

She had, and for that I had forsworn all women.

As I say, I was supremely happy all by myself, excepting, of course, the hurt Isabella had done me, and I think that was healing slowly, when one night the entire scheme was overthrown.

That night was a dark one, but quite still, and I went to bed feeling fairly comfortable, a couple of my friends had been with me until 7 o'clock and were to return early in the morning with a sail boat for a fishing trip out to deep water. About 1 o'clock, or perhaps later, I was awakened by hearing a disturbance of some sort down stairs, and before my eyes were fully opened Henry rushed into the room, slammed the door and locked it.

"What's the matter?" I exclaimed.

"For God's sake, major," get up and help me. There's burglars in the house and I'm done for."

Then Henry went down on the floor in a heap, and I lit a lamp, as there came a terrific banging on the door.

The light showed me Henry covered with blood, his throat slashed, lying there dead or dying, as I supposed.

What to do I did not know, for the only arms in the house were across the hall and the burglars had me shut off from that direction and were rapidly demolishing my door.

They swore and pounded, entirely regardless of the ordinary rules of burglary, for they knew that so far away from the shore they were perfectly safe.

"Go down stairs and get that ax," I heard one of them say, "and we'll have this d——d door out of the way in a minute. We've done up one of 'em and now we've got to do up the other, so there won't be any tellin' tales out of school."

Then he laughed and I heard footsteps down the hall and stairs.

I knew there was no help for me there and only a chance anywhere, and I took that. One window of my room opened out on a back roof and from that it was only a short distance to the ground. Once out of the house I had one chance in a million of escape. In a minute I was out of the window, over the shed and on the ground. I had on only my pajamas, and the sharp stones cut my feet cruelly, but I did not think of that. It was life, and life is very sweet to us, even though some fair Isabella may have slipped a drop of bitter into it.

Over the rocks and stones I flew, going I knew not where, thinking of nothing but escape.

What brought me to my senses somewhat was my rushing into the water, and at first I thought of swimming out and trying to reach the mainland, but I was only a poor swimmer and I knew I should be drowned or caught and knocked on the head in the water by the burglars as a hunter might knock a muskrat on the head, and the horror of it drove me back. Then I thought of my boat, but before I started that way I remembered that my friends had moved it over to the mainland to return at daylight with the sailboat, leaving me only my rockets to signal the shore in case of need, and what were signals now? Only a means whereby the murderers might discover me.

One thinks rapidly at such moments, I fancy, and all this took place in much less time than it requires to tell it; but there was time enough for the burglars to learn I was not in the room, and with their quick eyes see the window through which I had escaped, and I heard some of them coming along the course I had taken, and one going down toward my boat landing to cut me off there.

Then, aimlessly and utterly dazed I began to circle the little island, running on the beach. They could not see me and my bare feet made no noise in the sand and I rushed madly ahead, when all at once I went down with a terrible crash over something on the beach. They were near enough to hear my fall and one of them shouted:

"Here he is, Bill; we've got him; d—him for givin' us so much trouble, we'll fix him now."

I thought about as the burglar did, but as I tried to get up I found I was in a boat drawn half way up on the sand.

I almost shouted with joy when I made this discovery. It was their boat and once in it and on the water I was safe. By this time I could hear their footsteps along the shore, which was quite rocky and rough here, except the little bit of beach where the boat lay, and they could not make such headway as I did as they did not know the way through the rocks.

But they were coming fast enough and cursing at every step, and with the energy of despair, I caught the boat in my arms and tried to shove it into the water. But it would scarcely budge. Again and again I tugged; the blood almost bursting through my ears by the exertion and the skin tearing from my hands an I bare arms.

So near, I thought, to safety and still the danger increasing every second. Then as I heard an oath more wicked than the others, as one of the burglars fell over a stone, I felt the boat move, and a little wave rolled in and lifted it, so that with one more push it slid off into deep water. I jumped in, caught the oars and as the burglars dashed down through the darkness to where they heard the noise noise, the boat shot out into the water and I was safe.

They might have shot me from the shore, but they had either left their revolvers in the house or had none, the revolver being too noisy a weapon for burglars as a rule.

Whatever the cause, they did not fire, and I did not wait for it, at least that close. A hundred feet out I began to be myself once more and I stopped rowing.

"Why don't you come on," I shouted back, half hysterically.

"Hold on," they yelled, and I could hear them running up and down the shore in the darkness.

"Oh, you're all right," I laughed shrilly. "I'll come back and take you off in the course of a few hours," and then, fearful that they might get their guns, I rowed away as fast as I could for the mainland.

I think I made that three miles in half the record, and when I found the first policeman he was for running me in as a lunatic or a sleep walker; but he knew me, and as soon as I told my story a force of ten men boarded a tug, and we returned to the island. By this time the first gray streaks of dawn were showing in the summer sky, and as we cautiously ran up to the wharf it was almost light enough to see the house.

We saw no burglars, however, nor any signs of them, though I knew I had them penned up on the island, and escape was impossible. We waited until daylight, and then, deployed as skirmishers, the policemen began to move across the island, expecting any moment to flush a burglar or get a shot from ambush.

As we came up to the house one of the burglars appeared in the doorway and was covered on the instant by a dozen guns.

"Come in, gentlemen; come right in," he said, cheerily. "We were expecting you, and we've got a nice breakfast ready."

The man's coolness almost gave me the hysterics, for I knew by the sound of his voice that he was the fellow who wanted to "fix" me.

"But he was uttering the truth—they did have a nice breakfast for us (out of my larder) and not that only, but they had found that Henry was

"WITH ONE MORE TOUCH IT SLID OFF INTO THE WATER."

not dead, and they had washed him and done what they could in caring for him, and had done it so well that he is alive to day with only an ugly scar on his neck as a memento.

"There were four in the lot and we soon had them handcuffed, and then we sat down to breakfast and enjoyed it, though I must confess that by this time the condition I was in physically was not pleasant.

"'You're a queer gang,' said the lieutenant of police to the leader, who had invited us to breakfast. 'What did you do this for?'

"'The breakfast, you mean?'

"'And all the rest of it,' said the officer.

"'Well, cap'n' he replied, 'it's like this: We wuz here fer de swag, kill er no, and we thought we had killed the fust one, and, of course, the other one had to go, to stop talk. Then when he got away and had us penned up like rats we came to the conclusion that we had better git out the best way we could. The one we thought was dead only needed repairs, so we repaired him, and we knowed you'd be here bimeby to look fer us, and probably comin' out so early in the morning you might be hungry. So, beggin' the gent's pardon fer trespassin', we turned in and fixed you up a nice breakfast. Now wasn't that about the white thing to do?'

I had had enough to put most men in a bad humor, but this candid statement struck my funny bone somehow, and I laughed until the tears ran down my cheeks, and even the policeman smiled.

Of course the burglars had done the best thing possible for themselves, and the very unique plan they had adopted of necessity was in their favor, and they only got ten years apiece. Henry testifying so earnestly to their politeness and care that that part of it was not taken into the count at all.

But I can assure you I did not go back to the island again. I gave it to Henry, as it stood, and he lives there with his wife, respected and admired, I do believe, by every burglar in the guild, for he holds them in the highest esteem.

Oh, yes, I almost forgot. When this story came out in the papers and my part of it was set forth, as only reporters know how to do such things, Isabella, of course, heard of it, and one moonlight night she said to me:

"Major, I thought once you were not the kind of a man for a woman to marry, but I've changed my mind."

I feel under obligations to those burglars myself.—Detroit Free Press.

A Chinese Recipe.

This is the translation of the Chinese recipe engraved on many teapots used in the celestial empire: "On a slow fire set a tripod, fill it with clear rain water; boil it as long as would be needed to turn fish white and lobster red; throw this upon the delicate leaves of choice tea; let it remain as long as the vapor rises in a cloud. At your ease drink the pure liquor, which will chase away the five causes of trouble.

COLLECTORS OF EGGS.

INTERESTING WORK OF THE ORNITHOLOGISTS.

How the Eggs of Wild Birds Are Frequently Gathered—Studying the Nests of the Feathered Creatures—Their Habits—Valuable Specimens.

Wild and uninhabited regions are poor places to collect eggs, according to the ornithologists. Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, a well-known expert in this branch of science, calls attention to the fact that birds generally are to be found near to the abodes of man. In places not far from human habitations there is usually a good supply of food, as well as shelter from enemies. So it happens that the smaller feathered creatures particularly make themselves neighbors of mankind, building their nests, rearing their young and obtaining their sustenance in and about the roadside, orchard and garden, instead of seeking the lonely shades of the forests. Of course exceptions to this general rule are to be found in the sea-fowl, the wild and fierce hawks and some marsh birds, the last by nature exceedingly eremite and solitary.

Thus it happens that the collector of eggs does not have to explore the deserts and other lonely lands in order to supply material for his cabinet. The birds whose nests he seeks to rob are mostly discovered near at hand. True, he must often exert much ingenuity to find certain varieties. A method sometimes adopted is to put in some place where it can be easily seen a bunch of hay, or straw, or cotton, watching it to observe whither the fowls of the air which come to it for nest-making stuff wing their flight. But in many instances the nests when found are very difficult to reach. This is the case with some of the sea birds, which make their homes in the vertical faces of cliffs. Usually these cliffs overhang the surf or some deep chasm in the mountains, so as to be hopelessly inaccessible from below. Then it is a question of getting at the eggs from above, which is often a matter of great difficulty and danger.

Quite a number of egg collectors have lost their lives in trying to rob nests in the faces of lofty seaward cliffs. Commonly a rope is employed for making the descent from the summit of such a crag. To attempt that sort of thing alone and unassisted is extremely perilous. The rope is apt to be frayed through by the rock, so as to precipitate the adventurous climber to the bottom. The best way to get over this difficulty is to rig a sort of pulley at the edge of the cliff through which the rope may run. This is troublesome, but it pays when valuable specimens reward the effort. Anyone who understands the business will make sure to have at least one companion with him, and the person lowered should always be securely fastened to the rope, lest a fit of dizziness, such as may attack the most experienced individual, should render him helpless and unable to hold on.

Oologists nowadays usually take the nests as well as the eggs. The former are deemed important as exhibiting the work of the birds. In their construction the ingenuity of the feathered creatures is chiefly exhibited. Besides, the structure of them is most interesting. "What can surpass," says an ornithologist, "the delicacy of the humming-bird's home, glued to a mossy branch, or nestling in the point of a pendent leaf; the vireo's silken hammock; the oriole's gracefully swaying purse; the blackbird's model basket in the flags; the snug little caves of the marsh wrens; the hermit huts of the sly wagtails, or the stout fortresses of the sociable swallows?"

Nests that are built in trees and bushes are best secured by sawing off the branches to which they are attached. For this purpose the collector carries a knife with a saw blade. The nest should never be detached from the branch on which it has been built. Nests of other kinds, such as have been constructed on the ground, may have to be tied together with a string before they are taken away, lest they be broken. The swallow and the phœbe bird make their nests of mud, and these must be fitted tightly into boxes to keep the same from crumbling. In order that nests may not be destroyed by insects or decay it is very necessary that they shall be subjected to a process of disinfection before they are put away. One way to do this is to put the nest in a box perforated with a few pin holes, together with a small sponge saturated with carbolic acid. Another method is to blow the nest full of Persian insect powder, which may be blown out again after a few hours.

The eggs, if they are fresh, should be emptied of their contents as soon as they are taken. They can be carried more safely when empty. If they contain embryos, however, this should not be attempted. In old times eggs were commonly blown by breaking a hole at each end, taking out the contents, and stringing the shells for ornaments. The oologist does not approve of depriving birds of their eggs for such a frivolous purpose. Moreover, he makes only one hole in each egg, and that on the side. Thus the egg can rest on that side in a box or on a tray, appearing as if whole. The tools employed to make the hole are little steel drills such as are used by dentists. After the contents have been taken out the shell is rinsed thoroughly and dried by laying it, hole downward, on a blotting pad or folded towel.

Iron steamships were first built in Great Britain in 1843.

LONDON'S DOG THIEVES.

The Head-Quarters at Which There Centre Nightly Congregate.

Once in my life I consorted with professional dog thieves. I wish it to be distinctly understood that I never stole a dog, although I am free to confess that I have been tempted, and I have told the story of how on one occasion a dog stole me. But to return to my thieves. In the northern part of London, which you will reach by passing through Fetter and Leather lanes, continuing past the quaint Italian quarter with its cathedral, the interior of which is beautiful, although the building is but crude externally, you will find yourself in close proximity to the rendezvous of the London dog thieves.

Near by is a place called Hockings-in-the-Hole. It is well named, being situated in a decided hollow in one of the worst quarters of the great city. Those in search of a fine, creepy feeling should visit it after nightfall as I did. I then found myself in the bar of a small, old-style public house of very doubtful character, or perhaps I should express myself better if I say that its character was not at all doubtful. I was eyed curiously by the loungers as I took some refreshment at the bar. I then quietly gave the countersign in accordance with the instructions with which I had armed myself. The powerful and heavy-necked publican changed his demeanor at once and ushered me through a side door and up a creaky, tortuous and dark staircase. At this the creepy feeling was at its best—or worst. A door opened and we entered a long room, the ceiling of which was very low. Yellow gas jets flickered here and there.

A curious sight met my gaze. The room was full of men, three-fourths of whom held dogs of every degree. The men were mostly of an uncouth description, clothed in great part in corduroy, surmounted with the conventional caps that are worn by the London costermonger. They resembled in general appearance the touts and welchers of the English racetracks. Most of them smoked short pipes. The dogs yelped and whined amid the general hum of conversation that came through the amber haze. My appearance excited no comment, and for this reason: It is quite a common thing for "swells with sporting blood in them" to drop in upon these gentry and pick up a good dog at a nominal price. The morality of the proceeding is very questionable, but the fact remains.

Gin, the favorite drink with the low class in London, was brought in a jug and served in small wine glasses. I accepted the hospitality of my friends, the thieves, as I saw at once that it was expected. Then I conversed with various members of the party concerning the points of the canines in their possession. They took my presence there as a matter of course, and talked with perfect candor. Had I been able to forget the company I was in I might truthfully record that I spent a pleasant half hour at Hockings-in-the-Hole.

These men are not all thieves, says Donahoe's Magazine. Some of them are dog brokers, who sell dogs for others or pick up a bargain to sell again. None of them openly admit that they are professional thieves, although, of course, it is understood perfectly. They "find" lost dogs or else they are commissioned to sell a dog that belongs to a "friend." Not a small part of their income is obtained through receiving rewards offered for lost dogs which they have been fortunate enough to "find." During my visit to them their demeanor was perfect. They might have been an assemblage of farmers at a cattle show.

FUN IN FRAGMENTS.

"What would you do if your husband should join a club?" "I would buy one."

Daughter—Mamma, what is a parvenue? Mamma—Really, daughter, I don't know; it's something or other, though, that never had a grandmother.

"You have done very nicely," said the traveler to the Pullman car porter. "Yes sah!" "And I now propose to give you a tip—" "Thank you sah." "On the races."

Cool-Headed Citizen—What are you running for? The dog is going in the opposite direction. Fleeing Citizen, bare-headed and frantic—A policeman is shooting at it.

"I guess the doctors have given him up." "What's the matter?" "Too much of the world's fair." "I thought he didn't go?" "That's it, he's had to listen to people tell about it."

Professor—I hope, sir, you have followed my advice and are trying to improve your mind during vacation. Student—Yes, sir, I have flirted only with Boston girls this summer.

Mr. T.—Jones will hardly speak to me these days. He puts on airs since he's gone into wholesale confections. Awfully stuck up. Mrs. T., scornfully—What's he stuck up with? Candy?

"What has become of that young Mr. Brower whom Florence disliked so heartily?" "He's here still and she's very fond of him." "He must have changed greatly." "He has; he's devoting himself to another girl."

"How did you get along with your patient, Mulkins?" asked one doctor of another. "We're both on the road to recovery." "I don't quite understand." "He is able to be about, and I have had to go to law about my bill."

She—You know, Reggie, that girls are being called by the names of flowers now, and my sister suggested that I should be called Thistle. Reggie—Oh, yes, I see; because you are so sharp. She—Oh, no; she said it was because a donkey loved me.

WHEN DOCTORS ARE ILL.

THEY PRESCRIBE FOR THEMSELVES WITH SUCCESS.

Physicians Always Appear in Good Health, Though They Often Succumb to Disease—When in Need of a Specialist They Call in a Fellow Practitioner.

One side of a physician's character is seldom seen by his patients. That is when the doctor becomes a patient, and in turn has to have another physician to attend him. This contingency never seems to occur to the layman.

The doctor is always in good physical condition when he makes his round of sick calls. He goes where epidemics and contagious diseases of all sorts are rife, and if he ever succumbs to them his former patients are not apt to see him, so that to the casual observer he appears to bear a charmed life and to be beyond the reach of any harm, barring perhaps a railroad accident or a collapse of a government building. But this is not so. The physician is sick, not quite so often, perhaps, as the average citizen, who knows less of the rules of hygiene, but every doctor knows what it is to have had some of his fellow practitioners under his care.

Dr. W. A. Hammond, in speaking of this phase of the doctor's life to a Washington Post reporter, said:

"Yes, the physician is subject to sickness as much as any other man. As a rule, he makes a worst patient than a layman, principally, I suppose, from the fact that he misses the moral support that is lent to the layman from his ignorance of the profession. For instance, if you give a layman a hypodermic injection of water and tell him it is morphine, he will go to sleep almost as quickly as though he had taken the drug into his system, while a physician would not take a dose in that way, and when he knew of the deception it would not have any effect on him. Then, too, there are a great many other ways in which the physician can morally impress and aid his lay patients, but which fail when he comes to deal with another doctor, who says to himself, 'Oh, yes, I have been through all that myself, and know just what it means.'

"Do physicians as a rule attend themselves? Yes I should say that they do, so far as they can, rather than call in another physician. And I don't know but what they do as well or better, in that line than any one else could do for them. A doctor, of course, can understand his own symptoms better than he can describe them to another person, and unless it is a serious case he is likely to be able to treat them successfully. When, however, the case gets beyond his own handling he calls in a fellow-practitioner, and if he is wise puts himself completely under the other doctor's charge, and does as he is told. Whether he does this gracefully or not depends entirely on the man, and I think we have some of the best, as well as the worst, specimens of humanity in the medical profession. The really large-minded men are pretty much the same in whatever state you find them, and the little, contemptible fellows will be petulant and irritable when sick just as any other patients.

"One thing that now sends a physician to another physician for treatment when he is ill more than anything else is the cutting down of the medical field into specialties, and a physician would be just as likely to have a specialist to attend himself as to have one for any other member of his family.

"I have treated a great number of doctors in my time, and the most troublesome cases have been those who have been afflicted with the morphine or alcoholic disease. I remember one case, in particular, of a doctor who came to me to be treated for the opium habit. He put himself under my care, and authorized me to lock him up if necessary, which, however, I did not do until I found that he was getting opium on the sly, and when he was locked up in a room with a nurse with him, he got up one night and, going to the third story window, made a rope of his bed clothes and let himself down, and broke his leg in getting to the ground. Then he made a terrible fuss about the setting of the leg, and declared that it was not done properly, and that he wanted the bandages off and the job done over. But after the opium got out of his system he came around more like an ordinary patient, and I got along with him very well.

"The only immunity that physicians have from epidemic diseases is that which comes from superior knowledge of the causes of disease transmission, and greater care in guarding themselves against it. A physician, for instance, would never have the cholera except through gross carelessness, for that is a disease that can be transmitted only through swallowing the germs, and this can be avoided by proper care and cleanliness, but in typhus fever, which is the most excessively contagious fever known, physicians are no more exempt than any one else, and a great many of them die from it in every epidemic. It is possible, now, however, in the advanced stage of antiseptic treatment, by proper care and washing in carbolic acid baths for the physician and the nurse, who is exposed to the disease, to stand a better chance to escape.

Unkind.

"I see that Scripkins employs a type-writer now."

"Yes."

"Doing lots of work?"

"No. He wants somebody to blame for his mistakes in English."

WAS NOT INDISPENSIBLE.

A Youth Whose Idea of His Importance Received a Sudden Shock.

He is in the employ of one of the largest manufacturing firms in the city and is also a nephew of the senior partner, says the Pitsburg Dispatch. During the summer he left on Friday evening to stay over Sunday at a summer resort which is quite near here. When he arrived he found as he expected, the girls very, very attractive, and late Saturday afternoon decided he could not tear himself away on Sunday, so he telegraphed to his immediate boss as follows:

"Do you need me? If not, I shall stay."

The telegram was, of course, received, but no attention paid to it, and the sender, thinking something wrong, reportrd bright and early Monday morning. Finding everything all right, and nothing being said about the telegram, he mentally kicked himself for coming home. For several hours he worked along with poor grace. Finally, word was brought to him that his uncle wanted to see him, and, quaking with fear, he obeyed the summons. When he entered the old gentleman's sanctum he was invited to sit down and make himself quite comfortable. After rummaging through some papers, which were on his desk, uncle, dear, took from them a piece of yellow paper; turning around, he looked his nephew straight in the eyes, and said:

"My boy, this telegram was received by the head of your department Saturday afternoon; it reads: 'Do you need me? If not, I shall stay,' and signed with your name. Did you send it?"

"Yes, uncle," came the answer meekly.

"You did! Then, let me tell you sir," and the atmosphere became suddenly chilled, "that I have been here over forty years and they don't need me."

The telegram was laid down, and the head of the establishment picked up a pen and began writing. Nephew knew that the interview was over. Just as he was going through the door he heard uncle mutter: "Do they need me?"

He Had Reformed.

Little Boy—Didn't Mr. Blank used to be called a great statesman?

Father—Yes; he was one of the most influential party leaders in the country.

"Well, isn't he a great statesman yet?"

"No, my son, he has joined the church."—Texas Siftings.

Not a Pedestrian.

Mr. Racecourse—I want you to go to the postoffice Pat, and see if there are any letters.

Pat—Shure an' I can niver walk that far unless I have a harse to ride.—Texas Siftings.

SAVING LIVES AND MONEY.

Life boats and life saving stations were instituted on the French coasts by the Empress Eugenie in 1866.

Since the establishment of our life saving service, in 1871, 9,989 persons have been succored at the stations.

The life saving service on the British coast was established in 1824, and has been the means of saving 34,043 lives.

The New England States have more savings bank depositors and deposits than all the rest of the country, leaving out the state of New York.

The United States has 242 life-saving stations, 181 on the Atlantic, forty-eight on the lakes, eighteen on the Pacific and one at the Ohio falls, Louisville, Ky.

South Carolina is becoming a prosperous state, as is shown by the number of her savings bank depositors—21,397. These depositors have upon deposit the sum of $4,225,453. The state has the most savings bank depositors of any of the states. She also has the most cotton manufactories.

ITEMS FROM OUTSIDE.

Zylolith, or wood stone, is extensively used in Germany for flooring and other purposes.

For 200 years the paper from which Bank of England notes are made has been manufactured at Laverstoke in Hampshire.

The New Zealand house of representatives has passed the electoral bill conferring the franchise upon women, including Maoris.

A German town council has postponed the erection of an electric light station for five years, "because improvements may be made in that time."

France was very much disturbed by strikes last year. An official return shows that in twelve months there were close upon 300 trade disputes, affecting 108,000 people.

Articles of Irish manufacture are just now very much in vogue in Paris, say returned buyers and importers. Jewelry, laces and poplins of the richest quality have been made popular by the generous patronage of the duchess of York.

The vine at Hampton Court is believed to be the largest in Europe, its branches extending over a space of 2,300 feet. It was planted from a slip in the year 1768, and generally bears upward of 2,000 bunches of grapes, of the black Hambro' kind.

An Ottawa correspondent estimates from the Canadian census of 1891, compared with that of 1881, that the province of Quebec has lost over 100,000 French Canadians and more than 40,000 English-speaking people in ten years. Most of them are credited with having come to the United States.